

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 92. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1845.

PRICE 1½d.

## SELF-ESTIMATES.

HUMILITY is universally allowed to be a beautiful thing; but there is also a lurking, if not avowed notion amongst mankind, that, without some degree of what is called modest assurance, men speed but little in the world. There is a great deal of truth in this doctrine, unpleasant as it may be to make such an admission. We admire the modest man, and our good opinion is to a certain extent serviceable to him. But the man who entertains a stout, good opinion of himself, forces and cheats us out of much more that is favourable to his interests, even although we may have an unpleasant sense of his self-esteem and presumption. This is because of our being more ready to concede to what is actively, than to what is passively claimed from us. There is always an indifference amongst mankind to the interests of individuals: we do not naturally go about seeking to discover modest worth; we have not time; our own affairs will not allow of it; the social feeling does not carry us to such a length. But if a man of some degree of respectability makes his merits tolerably conspicuous; if he duns, and even pesters us for an admission of his worth, talent, or any other good quality, we are obliged to give attention, and, unless we be very greatly displeased with the breadth of the application, so as to be forced to break with him altogether, it is almost unavoidable that we make a greater concession in his favour than we do in the case of the unassuming possessor of much higher attributes.

Is this disputed by any one? Let him candidly investigate the matter in his own heart, and see if it is not one of the principles governing his ordinary actions. He will find that he is in the constant habit of treating his friends very much according to their estimates of themselves. Mrs Vapour, who, without any personal merit worth speaking of, is known to stickle much on the score of family dignity, and to look down on all kinds of new people—will he not be self-compelled to give her a high place at board, and to pay her more than her fair share of attentions there, in order to meet in some measure her own ideas of her importance? Will he not, at the same time, leave the charming, clever, but unpretending Mrs Simple to find that level to which her more modest self-estimate consigns her, notwithstanding that, in point of personal qualities, the former lady could never stand for a moment abreast of her, not to speak of above? Will he not, in like manner, put the magnificent Sir John Empty, who has published a pompous book of travels, which he is constantly referring to, far before the humble-looking Mr Downcast, who, in the midst of obscure and depressing circumstances, wrote one of the most delightful books of imagination that have appeared in our age, but is never heard to say a word about his literary productions, so that a stranger

might pass a whole evening in his company, without surmising that he ever wrote a line? It is impossible entirely to resist the tendencies to such conduct. It is not that, in the depths of our hearts, we think little of Mrs Simple or Mr Downcast, and proportionately much of Mrs Vapour and Sir John Empty. Take us fairly to task on the bare question of merits, and we are found just as a balance. But we require to be roused into this justice. We are constantly apt to forget the true merits from their unobtrusiveness. We can take our friend, in that case, into our own hands, and treat him as may suit our convenience, because we know he will never resent it. But the claims of the self-esteeming are always kept before us. They come with an impressiveness derived from the strong convictions of the party. We are awed by them, and concede them. It is like the difference between a well-sized man who stoops and does not look straight forward, and one of short stature who walks with erectness and dignity. In such a case we always consider the short figure the best, and even the tallest.

It is easy to see how this rule should affect the worldly interests of both men and women. The unpretending might thrive best, or attain the highest places, if the pretending would leave the dispensers of patronage and the promoters of prosperity alone. But, unluckily, the pretending are constantly on the alert in pushing their interests wherever they think they can obtain any advantage. They worry the influential out of that which cool and undisturbed election would assign to the modest. Besides, it is not always easy to form a decided conviction of the deservings of a man who chooses to take rearward seats on all occasions, and never is heard to profess a power to do anything. Such a man may have proved his powers by acts; but it is difficult to connect the idea of such acts with a person who appears so indifferent to their results, and takes no trouble, in his common demeanour and conversation, to identify himself with them. They therefore do not tell in his favour nearly so much as would a bold, though really ill-grounded pretension. We may every day see families determining their social position, and the fortunes of their rising members, entirely by their self-estimates. I could point to many who, in very disadvantageous circumstances, have attained a good place in society almost entirely through their setting a high value upon themselves, and never encouraging intimacies except in advantageous quarters. It is equally common to see families which have the power of rising in the social scale, remaining in an inferior position, in consequence of their being modestly content with any friends who choose to make advances to them—these being sure, in such a case, to be of a kind not calculated to promote an advance in the social scale. The matrimonial locations of ladies are

in a very great measure determined by the value they put upon themselves. We constantly see them, through modesty of this kind, accept men strikingly unworthy of them, but who have had the assurance to believe themselves entitled to such brides. So do literary men take their places in the temple of fame. For a respectable niche, it is not only necessary to possess some reasonable degree of ability and accomplishment, but also that sufficiency of self-esteem which will forbid the undertaking of inferior tasks, and prompt to the setting forward of proper claims to notice. Powers would almost appear to be of less consequence than the mode of their employment. There are even some qualities, good in themselves, which do not promote the ascent to the house which shines afar. For example, if an author be industrious, he will never be acknowledged to possess talent, for the world cannot entertain two ideas of a man at once:—thus, let two men start in a literary career, the one with talent as 1, but no industry, and the other with talent as 2, but great industry, and it will be found that mankind look upon the first man as a clever dog, who only went work, and the second as a dull respectable fellow, who does wonders by application. Industry, in fact, expresses a humble self-estimate, and the self-estimate, in its direct and indirect working, almost wholly decides the place in the house of the babbling deity. Turning one's abilities to a useful purpose is, upon the whole, condemnatory. The artisan is useful, but nobody heeds him. The ass is useful, and gets thistles and thwacks for its pains. To be useful, expresses a lowly turn of mind, and it is therefore always more or less despised; for, though men generally profess to hold it in esteem, they only do so under a cold intellectual sense of what the useful leads to, and against the heart's sentiment of contempt for what it springs from. If a literary man, therefore, wishes for true fame, let him write some single brilliant thing, and rest under the shade of his laurels for ever after. If he once condescends to make himself useful, he sinks into the base crowd at once, and mankind despise him for that which they daily profit by and enjoy.

The only consolation for the modest is, that there is something more precious than either world's wealth or world's praise. Neither is the hope of reward the source of the highest endeavour, nor is reward of any kind the source of the highest satisfaction. It is quite possible to pass happily through life without a single merit duly acknowledged, or even the consciousness of any such possession.

### THE BRIDAL WREATH.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF UESIGLIO.

'This wreath must be finished before the evening. Down with those tiresome hands; you jumble together all my leaves; you give me one colour instead of the other: you are spoiling all I have done. Be it known to you, however, that I am determined you shall not leave Padua until I have put the last leaf to our garland.'

These pettish words, qualified by the sweetest of smiles, were addressed by a beautiful girl of sixteen to a young man who was sitting beside her, and taking a mischievous pleasure in disturbing her work; now catching hold of her hands; now removing out of her reach something that she wanted; now playing with her long and luxuriant hair, which floated negligently on her shoulders: affectionate interruptions, which left a doubt whether the name of brother or lover better suited them. But the light which flashed from the eyes of the youth, and seemed to irradiate the countenance of the maiden, showed that his emotions were more rapid and ardent than those inspired by fraternal love. They were seated at a table strewn with shreds of cloth, gummed cotton, green taffeta, little palettes of colours, small pencils, and all the necessary apparatus of artificial flower-making.

'Well, then,' replied the youth 'I will do as you wish; but what haste with a wreath that is not to be used till Heaven knows when? Ah! if you were to wear it to-morrow, I would then assist you with hands, eyes, heart, mind—with my whole being.'

'What matters it? What harm will it do these flowers to wait for us? I promise you to keep this garland so carefully, that it shall look quite new on the day when it shall encircle my head; and then it will seem to all others but an ordinary wreath: but to us—to me—oh, what charms it will have! It will have been born, as it were, and have grown with our love; it will have remained to me in memory of you when you were obliged to leave me for a time; it will have spoken to me of you when absent; will have a thousand times sworn love to me for you. I shall have consulted, and kissed it a thousand times, till that day in which I shall be yours. Do you hear that word, Edoardo? Yours! yours for ever! never more to leave you!—to be divided from you only by death.'

'That will indeed be a blessed day, the loveliest day of our life. The desire of devoting all the powers of my mind to your happiness will then become a right. Poor Sophia, you know not yet what happiness is: so young, so good, you have hitherto met with thorns only in your path. Poor Sophia, I desire no other glory in this world than that of being able to make you feel the sweet that Providence in pity mingles with the bitter of human existence. There is no sweetness in the life of mortals that is not the offspring of love.'

'Yes,' added Sophia, 'when love is united with constancy. But what are you daubing at, Edoardo? You are actually putting red on orange leaves. Where have you learned botany? And what does that rose signify? Is not this a bride's wreath, and are not bridal wreaths always made of orange flowers? Do you know what I mean to do with those roses? Ah, you would never guess. I shall make of them a funeral crown. Here, take these leaves, and reach me the palette. You have positively learned nothing all the time you have been seeing me make flowers.'

A servant entered the room, saying, 'There is no post to Venice either to-day or to-morrow: the Signor Edoardo cannot set out before Friday.'

'Friday!' exclaimed Sophia; 'vile day!' and with a clouded countenance she silently resumed her self-imposed task. Edoardo, on the contrary, seemed glad of the delay.

'No matter; but,' he added, 'is not this a trick of yours?—a plot concocted by you and Luigia to prevent me from leaving Padua?'

'You mistake, Edoardo; I would wish rather to hasten your departure.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' replied Edoardo, half vexed. 'What do you mean? If you do not explain your words, I shall be very angry.'

'The explanation—the explanation, Edoardo, is here in my head, but not in my heart. The explanation, Edoardo, is, that I love you too much, and I am not pleased with myself. Yes, but there are sorrows, Edoardo, which sadly wear away our life; but these sorrows are a need, a duty, and to forget them is a crime. My poor sister, the only friend I have ever had, that poor saint, the victim of love, dead through the treachery of a man hardly two years since: on memory of her I have lived for eighteen months; but I even forget her when I see you, when I speak to you. Perhaps I do not bestow on my mother as much attention as her unhappy state requires. Alas! there is no reproach more bitter than this—"You are a bad daughter!" And this my conscience reproaches me with being a thousand times. Thus, Edoardo, I am wanting in my duties. I am a weak creature: a powerful, and too sweet sentiment threatens to take entire possession of me, to the detriment of the other sentiments that nature has implanted in our heart. Go, then, Edoardo; I have need of calm—I have need of not seeing you. Suffer me to fulfil my duties, that I may be more worthy of you. When you are far away,

I shall have full faith in you. But if your father should refuse his consent to our union?

'Leave those sad thoughts. My father wishes only to please me, and it will be sufficient for me to ask his consent, to obtain it. Even should he refuse it, in two years the law will permit me to dispose of myself as I choose.'

'May Heaven remove this sad presentiment from my mind; but it makes me tremble. Oh! if you return with the desired consent of your father!—oh! if my mother, as the physicians gave me reason to hope, should then be well! we shall be the happiest of mortals.'

The sound of a silver bell, heard from a chamber close by, took away Sophia from her occupation. She rose hastily, saying, 'My mother! oh, my poor mother! Adieu for a while, Edoardo.'

Edoardo Valperghi was the son of a wealthy Venetian merchant. He had received a grave but unprofitable education, it being that which is wholly directed to the intellect and nothing to the heart. He was studying in one of those colleges in which the system of education is as old as the walls of the edifice. He had been told that he had a heart, but no one had spoken of how it was to be directed to good. He had been told that he must resist his own passions, but no one had shown him what arms to make use of in this moral warfare. He had been told to love virtue and to hate vice, but no one had furnished him with a criterion for distinguishing true virtue from its counterfeit. The temper of Edoardo was ardent and hasty, but flexible and weak. Nature had made him good, but society could make him very bad. He was like a ship without a good pilot—one to become good or bad according to circumstances. Enthusiastic, easily impressed by example, he would be most virtuous if his first steps had moved among the virtuous; if among the wicked, he would rush to perdition.

A letter of recommendation to the father of Sophia, who had formerly had some commercial dealings with the Valperghi, introduced him into the house. His timidity made him prefer that family to richer ones with which he was also acquainted, and amongst whom he could have found youths, amusements, and habits similar to those he had left behind in Venice. But Sophia, lovely, amiable, and frank, had shown him the affection of a sister. He had soon conceived a passion for her: declarations of love, promises, oaths, everything had thus been impetuous and sudden with him, as his disposition prompted. The inexperienced girl believed that a sentiment so strong, so ardent, must be equally profound and constant, and yielded to the enchantment of a first love. Edoardo had terminated the first year of his legal studies, and was now preparing to return to Venice.

Alberto Cadori, the father of Sophia, was also a merchant. He had begun business in a small sphere; but having guided his industry prudently, from being poor he had gradually become rich, and at length retired from commerce with a considerable fortune. Cadori was avaricious, harsh, exacting: he wished rather to be feared than loved: he was not the father, but the tyrant of his family. There was seemingly some secret cause of disagreement between him and his wife: it was perhaps for this reason that he did not love his children; but what it was no one could tell. His family was now limited to Sophia and his wife. He had had another daughter, fair and amiable as Sophia; but the sad school of the world, and the all-powerful empire of love, had untimely laid her low. The Signora Cadori, though still young, was already on the brink of the grave. The grief that preyed on her life, and especially the lamentable end of her first-born, had brought on paralysis. She could no longer move without assistance.

One other person formed part of the family, without being connected with it by relationship—a woman who seemed at first sight to have reached her seventieth year, so slow and difficult were her move-

ments. Her words savoured a little of obscurity, and her countenance was rather repulsive. She was a Milanese. Having come to the baths in Padua, she had taken lodgings in Cadori's house. She seldom spoke, and paid no attention to what was passing around her. She always seemed unconscious of the loud and angry language of Cadori, which was proving fatal to the neglected wife and the oppressed daughter. She appeared to love no one; no one loved her. However, as she paid largely for her apartments, Cadori did everything to keep her in his house.

Though Sophia led a melancholy life, it was much relieved by the exercise of her accomplishments, which were numerous. No female in Padua, for instance, could compare with her in the art of flower-making. Her friends contended among them for the pleasure of adorning themselves with one of these flowers; courteous and kind to all, she distributed some to each. Even the mercers of the city, when they had need of flowers of superior beauty, applied to Sophia, who willingly acceded to their requests.

The two days of delay to Edoardo's departure were past, and in those two days the Signora Cadori had had a new and very violent attack, which placed her life in danger. Edoardo came to take leave of the family. When alone, the conversation, the adieux of the lovers, were not long: they both wept, looked at each other, and were silent. Yet how many things had they to say to each other, how many promises to renew, how many hopes and fears to exchange!

They parted; Edoardo pleased with himself, and Sophia dissatisfied with him and herself, without knowing why.

The heart is a true prophet: the fears of Sophia were about being realised; the days of her mother were drawing to a close. Sophia, sad and terrified, was never absent from her bedside. Her heart, her heart alone, sometimes wandered after the footsteps of another beloved, but less unhappy being. Forgive that thought of love to the maiden; call it not a sin. Sixteen!—a soul so tender!—the first love! The maternal eye saw into the inmost heart of the daughter, and felt no jealousy at those thoughts flying to her distant love. In those moments she silenced her own wants, lest she should disturb her in her reveries, and humbly prayed for the happiness of her child. Sophia, on recollecting herself, would testify the greatest sorrow, ask pardon of her dear invalid, and redouble her attention. Neither day nor night was she away from the pillow of her dying mother. Her strength supported her, as if by a miracle. No one divided with her this pious office, except the Countess Galeazzi, the mysterious guest of that house, and she came but seldom to the chamber of suffering.

But the last hour had struck for the Signora Cadori. With her dying breath she spoke of Edoardo. 'You love,' she said, 'and your love may be the source of good to you. Take this cross, which I have worn on my heart since the day of your birth; it was the gift of your father; take it, and wear it in memory of your poor mother. You will find in my chest a sum of money, and some bills on the imperial bank of Vienna. It is no great riches, but it is sufficient for the unforeseen wants that may press upon a woman. I would never consent to give up these sums to your father, and that was one source of our disagreement; but it was impossible for the heart of a mother to deprive herself of what she could one day share with her children. And I am glad that I have not done so; for, without such aid, your poor sister would have died of misery, as she did of grief and despair.'

She said more, and seemed to make other confidences to her daughter, but her words were uttered so feebly that they were lost. She then leant her head on the shoulder of Sophia, never to raise it more.

Four months after this event, the time of study returned, and Edoardo came again to Padua. He did not bring the consent of his father to their marriage, but only some distant hopes. Cadori, who was aware of Sophia's inclinations, forbade Edoardo to frequent his



house, until the formal permission of his father could be procured. Thus was Sophia deprived of the pleasure of being often near her lover, of enjoying his society, his conversation. She could see him but seldom, and that unknown to her father.

But Edoardo was changed. He was no longer the frank, the loving Edoardo of former times. A residence of five months in Venice, without being subjected to restraint, or having means to elude it; the company of other young men, familiar with vice and dissipation; above all, a fatal inclination, had depraved and ruined him! He had suffered himself to be fascinated by the fierce delight which is found in gaming; play had become his occupation, his chief need. Play and its effects, the orgies that precede, the excesses that follow, were the life of Edoardo. Waste and debt were the consequences; and when he had, under a thousand pretences, extorted from his father all the money he could, he began, on arriving in Padua, to apply to Sophia, whom he neglected, at least did not see as often as he might, though he still loved her. Sophia was as indulgent as he was indiscreet. At every fatal request for money, she offered him double the sum he had asked. When Edoardo began to tell her some feigned story, to conceal the shameful source of his wants, and to give her an account of how he had employed those sums, she would not listen to him.

'Why,' said she, 'should I demand an account of your actions? Why should I think over and debate what you have already considered? Will not all you have be one day mine? Shall we not be one day man and wife?' And these words took away from Edoardo every sense of remorse: conscience ceased to reproach him for the baseness of despoiling that poor girl of the little she possessed. The thought that he was one day to make her his wife, justified him in his own eyes; for by this he thought he should have recompensed her for all her sacrifices.

Edoardo's demands increased with his exigencies. He was making rapid advances into the most terrible phases of the gambler's vice; and the mania in Sophia of giving, of sacrificing all her means for Edoardo, did not stop. All the money left her by her mother had already disappeared; most of her valuable ornaments had been sold; some of the bank bills had been parted with: but as this could not be done without her father's knowledge, he had made the laws interpose, and sequestered the remainder. Sophia did not dare to speak or complain. She felt in her heart that her father was probably in the right, that her own conduct was at least unreflecting, and that Edoardo's expenses were too great; but still she found a thousand arguments to excuse both herself and him. She spent all the day making flowers, and stole a great part of the night from repose to devote it to this labour; but she, formerly so ready to make presents of her flowers, and adorn with them the young girls of her acquaintance, now exacted payment for them; so that every one wondered at this new and sudden avarice. But what did she care what was said of her? What did she care for appearing without those ornaments which women so love, and which add so much to their charms? What mattered it to her that she was ruining her own health by depriving herself of rest, toiling, and weeping? One look, one smile of Edoardo, the having satisfied one of his desires, compensated for all. What afflicted and troubled her was, that her labour should be so insufficient to meet his wants. Often did it occur to her mind that he gambled, that he was ruining himself, and she thought of reproving him for it, but had not courage to do so. Sometimes she accused herself of aiding him to destroy himself. Then she thought that she was mistaken; her doubts seemed to her as injuries to his love, and she grieved for having for a moment admitted them.

One treasure alone remained, the cross which her mother had given her on her deathbed. It was of brilliants, and might bring a large sum. She thought over this, and wept for a whole week. Many times she

went out with the intention of selling it, but her heart could not resolve to do so, and she returned penitent and sorrowful.

Meanwhile, Edoardo was involving himself more and more in debt. Assailed by creditors on one side, and drawn to the gaming-table by desire and necessity on the other; menaced with a prison, threatened to be denounced to his father, stupid from want of rest, midnight revelling, and anxiety, he one day presented himself before Sophia in a state so different from usual, that the poor girl was terrified at him. Whither, Edoardo, has departed the beauty, the freshness of your youthful years?—whither your simplicity of heart? Buried, buried amid dice and cards. Sophia no longer doubted that Edoardo gambled, that he had given himself up to a life worthy of reprehension; but she was disposed to pardon him, to hope that he would repent and turn to better counsels. But what made her tremble was the hoarse and desperate accent in which he told her that he had need of money, that he was hard pressed by necessity, obliged to pay ten thousand *lire*. The glance that he directed to every corner of the apartment, perhaps because he did not dare to look her in the face, was dark and unsteady: some broken words, uttered in a low voice, pierced her heart like a dagger. And without any available means, she promised Edoardo to procure him the required sum by next day.

When he left the house, therefore, she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged him for a sum of money that belonged to her, but of which she could not dispose without his signature; but Cadori refused it. I shall not repeat their dialogue. I shall only say, that she came out from that conference in a state of distraction. Her mind was fraught with desolation. Hideous thoughts passed through her brain. It was night: she found she was alone. She felt desperate. A terrible temptation passed through her mind. Her father, she knew, had heaps of gold lying useless in his coffers; but locks and bolts placed their contents out of reach. She then bethought herself of the countess's bureau, in which her own cross had been deposited, secure from the old man's covetousness. There, too, the countess kept her treasures. She took a light, observed whether any one saw her, or could follow her, and repaired to the apartment of the Countess Galeazzi, who was from home, spending the evening with an old acquaintance. Hardly breathing, and walking on tiptoe, Sophia took a key from under a bell-glass, and opened the bureau. Oh, how she felt her heart throb! She was terrified; she trembled in every movement! The noise she made in opening the money drawer seemed to be the footsteps of some person following to lay hands on her. The light of the lamp, reflected in the mirrors and in the furniture, seemed to her so many eyes that looked on and reproached her. She opened the drawer, and took out her cross. Under it were several notes of the bank of Vienna. The temptation was strong; she laid her hands on the papers; but a thrill of terror seemed communicated through her frame by the touch, and, overcome by intense excitement, she fell senseless on the floor.

Some time afterwards the Countess Galeazzi returned home. On entering her apartment, she beheld the wretched girl stretched on the floor with the diamond cross in her hand. The bureau was still open. She ran to succour Sophia, and by the application of essences recalled her to life. The moment the latter awoke to consciousness, she threw herself on her knees, wept desperately, tried to speak, but could not; the only words she was at length able to articulate were—'Forgive me! forgive me!'

The countess used every means to pacify her, by the compassionate expression of her countenance, by her maternal gestures, caressing and pressing her to her bosom, with words of comfort and tenderness.

'Calm yourself, calm yourself,' she said; 'go and take some repose; you have need of it.'

'Countess,' replied Sophia, then wept anew. 'Shame,

shame and desperation! Oh, wretch that I am! Oh, my poor heart!

'Go, go to bed, Sophia; to-morrow we will talk. Here is the light.' Saying this, she reached her the lamp with one hand and led her by the other, using a little affectionate violence to conduct her out of the room, and prevent her from speaking another word.

The next day, Sophia was so overwhelmed with grief and shame, that she took to her bed, struck down by a violent fever, which was the commencement of a dangerous illness. The countess was her nurse.

Edoardo, having lost the source whence he derived all his supplies, through the illness of Sophia, could no longer prevent his father from coming to the knowledge of his irregularities. He was immediately recalled to Venice, and shut up in a house of correction. Disgraced in the eyes of the companions of his debaucheries, and forced in his solitary confinement to make painful reflections on the consequences of his conduct, he seemed to be cured of his fatal passion, and when released, he returned no more to Padua; but, giving up the study of the law, he devoted himself to commerce, to which the contagious mania of making money, of becoming rich, made him steadily apply himself. His old inclination had changed its name; it was 'mercantile speculation;' but the substance remained the same. He had written to Sophia that his father would not consent to his marriage, unless it were with a lady of large fortune; unfortunately, she was not rich enough; however, that he would wed none but her, and that they must be resigned, and trust to time; and Sophia, living on the few letters that Edoardo continued to write her, and grieving that she was not as rich as Valperghi would have wished, waited and hoped. Her illness had been long and dangerous; her youth, and the care bestowed on her, had alone been able to save her life. She had long been oppressed by remorse: it was long ere she dared to lift her eyes to the countess, or address one word to her.

The latter had sought to evade every allusion to the past; and the poor girl, beginning to overcome her fears, ended at length in making her her friend, her confidante. She told her everything, and was fully forgiven everything.

After a time, Sophia recovered. They had lived together for four years, during which Sophia had opened her whole heart to that lady, made her the repository of all her everyday thoughts, her hopes; but the countess had always answered her with vague, uncertain words, or with silence. Alas! Sophia was fated to lose every object on which she had set her affection. After having closed the eyes of her mother and sister, adverse fortune obliged her to witness the death of the Countess Galeazzi.

When her affairs were looked into, it was found that she left her large fortune to Sophia Cadori; so that that which deprived her of so tender, so generous a friend, should also have made her happiness complete. Every obstacle that divided from her Edoardo, which separated her from him she loved so ardently, had vanished. In a few days a boundless love, a love of six years, a love she had cherished through so many sorrows, would be crowned! In a few days she would be Sophia Valperghi!

She wrote a letter full of the joys and hopes soon to be realised to her dear Edoardo; she was happy, as happy as she had desired, as happy as she had so long dreamt of being; she made all preparations for her marriage. Being now quite independent of him, she spoke of it to her father—to every one; she sought garments of the colour and taste that she knew Edoardo liked; she imagined and planned a thousand surprises. How many times did she put the cherished wreath on her head, consult her mirror, study every position in which those flowers might appear to better advantage and increase her beauty! How often did she open the box that contained it to kiss it, to look at it, scarcely daring to touch it for fear of spoiling a leaf, of disarranging a fibre!

At length came the answer to her letter; an answer that to any other person might have seemed constrained, cold, terrible; but it was, on the contrary, to Sophia the seal of her felicity. She was only afflicted that Edoardo should have made illness an apology, which he said prevented him from coming immediately to Padua. To Sophia it was as clear as the sun that expressions of affection did not abound, because they had now at command what she and Edoardo had so long hoped and looked for; that the letter did not dwell on particulars, precisely because great joy is not talkative, and because the illness of Edoardo prevented it. She made ready to set out to Venice without delay, expecting that her father would join her there, and that the nuptials would be celebrated in that city when the health of Edoardo would permit.

Arrived at Venice, she was set down at the house of the Valperghi, and ordered the trunk which contained the few robes she had brought with her to be brought into a room, into which she had been introduced while the servants went to announce her arrival to Edoardo.

After a few minutes, he entered the apartment, to discover who wanted to see him; and, on recognising Sophia, was disconcerted and abashed. She was surprised at seeing him splendidly dressed, as if for some extraordinary occasion. Then he was not ill! She read confusion and terror in his countenance.

'My own Edoardo,' said she, after some moments of silence; 'are you quite recovered?'

'It was but a slight indisposition, as I have written to you,' replied he; 'nor was there any reason for your hasty presence in Venice.'

'Edoardo, Edoardo!—there was no reason!—I have written to you! Edoardo, why do you speak so to me? Why are you disturbed? Are you no longer my own Edoardo? Tell me, tell me what is the matter with you?'

'Nothing. But what do you think will be said of you? A young girl alone in the house of a family she does not know!'

'Oh, Edoardo, you kill me! Explain yourself more clearly. This a house I do not know? Am I not to be mistress in this house? Am I not to be your wife?'

'But without any previous announcement of your coming, it would not be well if my father were to find you here so unexpectedly. I think it would be better if you were to lodge, at least for a very short while, in an inn.'

'Your father! But am I not rich enough for him? This is a fearful mystery. Explain it, if you do not wish me to die.'

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant saying, 'Signor Edoardo, your bride requests you to pass into her apartment for a moment.'

Sophia had strength to command herself until the man was gone away. She then threw, or rather let herself fall into a chair, covering her face with her hands, crying, 'His bride! his bride! Is it true?—is it not a dream? For mercy's sake, if you have the heart of a man, tell me that it is false, that I have not heard rightly. For pity's sake answer me—answer me or kill me.'

'It is too true, Sophia; it was my father's will. In a little time I am to give my hand to another woman.'

'Oh, merciful Heaven! I have heard these words, and live. Oh, my poor life! But it cannot be: it is not true: you are not yet married: there is still time. Go—fly to the feet of your father, tell him you do not love that woman, that you love me, me only; that you have loved me for six years!'

'Impossible, Sophia; things have already gone too far. She is a princess—one of the first families of Florence. It breaks my heart, but it is impossible.'

'What matters her rank, her relatives, if you do not love her?'

'And if I did love her?' said Edoardo, wavering, rather to see whether it would be a means of ridding him of Sophia than expressing the sincere feeling of his heart.

'If you did love her? oh, then, you would be the most infamous of men—you would be a monster. But no; you cannot have forgotten your vows; you cannot have forgotten all your words, our life of six years.' Then raising, and throwing herself on her knees, 'Oh! forgive me, Edoardo; forgive my words. I rave; I know not what I say! Tell me that you have only wished to put my affection to the proof—that you love no other woman—none but me alone! Oh, do not drive me from this house, Edoardo; do not give yourself to another woman!'

'Sophia, if I could help it, do you think I would make you weep thus?'

'If you could help it? What prevents you? Nothing—nothing.'

'Honour, Sophia.'

'Honour! Where was your honour if you have forgotten all your sacred promises—if you have perjured yourself?'

'Sophia, Sophia, pity me. Do not make me the talk of all Venice. I am the most infamous of men; but I can do nothing for you. Now I will confess to you the whole truth—a truth I had not the heart to tell you before. That woman is already my wife; I have married her by civil contract; and the ceremony that is about to be performed presently is a mere formality. Sophia, forgive me if you can—forgive me, and depart.'

'Oh, no, no, I cannot go from this house. I will die here before your eyes.'

A sound of footsteps was heard. It was easy to guess that those light steps were a woman's. Edoardo turned towards a table, as if to look for some papers, saying to himself, 'I am lost.' And Sophia knelt down by the trunk that contained her clothes, pretending to rummage for something in it, while she wiped away her tears and suppressed her sobs.

Edoardo's bride entered. She stood for a moment perplexed, seeing a woman with him; then said, 'Edoardo, I sent for you that you might yourself choose one of these wreaths. Which of them do you think will become me best?' showing him at the same time two bridal wreaths which she held in her hand.

'Neither,' said Sophia, rising and presenting a third wreath to the bride. 'The Signor Edoardo ordered me to make this some time ago for his bride, and I trust I have not laboured in vain.'

'In truth it is much handsomer than either of these others,' said the bride; 'but you told me nothing of this, Edoardo?'

'It was a surprise,' added Sophia.

'My own Edoardo,' said the bride again; 'another kindness; a new expression of your love. Oh, how dear this wreath will be to me!' and she retired, taking it with her.

Sophia looked at the door through which the lady had disappeared, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'Oh my poor wreath!'

'Sophia, Sophia, you are an angel,' said Edoardo. 'Once more I owe you my life.'

'Since she is yours,' replied Sophia mournfully, and sitting down faint and exhausted on her trunk—'since she is yours, ought I to bring death to her mind, the death that I feel already in my poor heart? No one knows, no one can know what is suffering but those who suffer; oh, no woman ever endured what I endure at this moment! Go—go, Edoardo; prepare yourself for the ceremony; they are waiting for you. I have no more reproaches to make you—no more right to make them. All was in that wreath, and in renouncing that, I have renounced this. Go—I have need of not seeing you. I promise you that when you return I will be no longer here to trouble you with my presence.'

Edoardo, pale, confused, penitent, bent a long last gaze on Sophia; then left the room, saying, 'I am a villain—I am a villain.'

Two hours after, the marriage ceremony was performed. The gondolas that bore the bridal cortège, on their return from the church of St Moisé, were met

by some fishing-boats that had drawn up a drowned female. The gondolas had to stop, in order to let them pass. 'A sad omen for the bride and bridegroom,' said an old woman of the company.

Edoardo, who had recognised that pale corpse, had thrown himself at the bottom of his gondola, in order to conceal his emotion, and with a convulsive motion pressed the hand of his bride, which he held between his own. The simple girl, interpreting that squeeze as an expression of love, said, 'Oh, my Edoardo, you will ever love me?'

'Ever, ever,' replied Edoardo, wiping away a tear. He then muttered to himself, 'Poor, poor Sophia!—she was an angel, and I am a villain.'

#### LUMINOSITY IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

THERE are few subjects more curious, and none, perhaps, less understood, than the occasional luminosity of certain plants and animals. We do not allude to that phosphorescence which arises from decomposing substances, and which every one must have observed on putrid fish, decaying fungi, and the like; but to those luminous appearances exhibited under peculiar conditions by living structures; as, for example, by the flowers of the marigold, and by the female fire-fly. The former phenomena are owing to an actual combustion of phosphoric matter in the atmosphere, precisely similar to that which takes place when we rub a stick of phosphorus on the walls of a dark chamber; the latter belong to peculiar states of growth and excitement, and seem at times to be ascribable to electricity, at others to phosphorescence, and not unfrequently to plain optical principles. It must be admitted, however, that not only are the causes but little understood, but that even the appearances themselves are questioned by many, who would resolve the majority of instances on record into mere visual delusions. It is, therefore, to little more than a recital of the better authenticated facts that we can as yet direct attention.

Flowers of an orange colour, as the marigold and nasturtium, occasionally present a luminous appearance on still, warm evenings; this light being either in the form of faint electric sparks, or steadier, like the phosphorescence of the glow-worm. The tube-rose has also been observed in sultry evenings, after thunder, when the air was highly charged with electric fluid, to emit small scintillations, in great abundance, from such of its flowers as were fading. It is not always the flowers which produce the light, as appears from the following record:—In the garden of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, on the evening of Friday, September 4, 1835, during a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, the leaves of the flower called *Eurotia macrocarpa*, a bed of which was in the garden immediately opposite the windows of the Manuscript Library, were observed to be brilliantly illuminated by phosphoric light. During the intervals of the flashes of lightning, the night was exceedingly dark, and nothing else could be distinguished in the gloom except the bright light upon the leaves of these flowers. The luminous appearance continued uninterruptedly for a considerable length of time, but did not appear to resemble any electric effect.

Several of the fungi which grow in warm and damp places manifest a similar luminosity, and that when in their most healthy and vigorous state. Delile found it in the agaric of the olive-grounds near Montpellier, and, what was curious, observed that it would not manifest itself in darkness during the day. The fungi of the coal-mines near Dresden have been long celebrated for



their luminosity, and are said to emit a light similar to that of bright moonshine. The spawn of the truffle, the most esteemed of the fungus family, is also accounted luminous; and, from this circumstance, may be collected at night in the truffle-grounds. When in Brazil, Gardner discovered a highly shining fungal, which grows only on the leaves of the Pindoba palm. He was led to this discovery by observing one night a group of boys in the town of Natividade playing football with a luminous object, which happened to be the agaric in question. Some varieties of the lichens are occasionally phosphorescent, and are more or less luminous in the dark. The *subcorticalis*, *subterranea*, and *phosphorea*, often spread themselves luxuriantly in caverns and mines, where they create an extraordinary degree of splendour.

Another example, and perhaps the most wonderful of any, has been recently added to the list. The plant in question is an East India tree, the true family of which has not yet been ascertained, but which appears to be abundant enough in the jungle. A dead fragment was laid before a late meeting of the Asiatic Society in London, with an accompanying notice by General Cullen. The plant was stated to have been discovered by a native who had accompanied Captain Bean on a journey, and who, having been compelled by rain to take shelter at night under a mass of rock in the jungle, had been astonished at seeing a blaze of phosphoric light over all the grass in the vicinity. The plant, though said to be only now discovered, has been long known to the Brahmims, who celebrate its luminous properties in several of their mythological and poetical works. The fragment exhibited to the society was dead, and perfectly dry; but on being wrapped in a wet cloth, and allowed to remain for some time, its luminosity was revived, and it shone in the dark like a piece of phosphorus, or perhaps somewhat paler, more like dead fish or rotten wood. This unnamed plant abounds in the jungles near the foot of the hills in the Madras district, and was found by Dr Wallich in Burmah. Commenting on this novelty, Dr Lindley remarks—'It is not at all improbable that it, or something having similar qualities, may exist in our English collections; and it is for that reason that we now mention it. We therefore advise gardeners to be on the outlook for this curious phenomenon, and to examine all such rhizomes as they may have in their possession, in the hope of finding it; for assuredly they would hardly hit upon a thing of more interest. Plants habitually luminous, and constantly so at night, and retaining their properties years after they are dead, and capable of being cultivated, as this Madras plant most certainly is, would form quite a new feature in our gardens, and are well worth any degree of trouble that may attend their discovery.'

It must be observed, that the above instances of luminosity refer only to the living and healthy organism, and are independent of that phosphorescence which is often exhibited during the decomposition of vegetable matter. That this light may sometimes depend upon phosphoric excretion, is very likely, as it has been found that the parts emitting it are most luminous when immersed in pure oxygen, and cease to emit when excluded from that element. This is precisely what would take place with a stick of phosphorus; and it may be, that at certain seasons phosphoric substances are taken up from the soil by the growing vegetable, and excreted under those conditions of warmth, moisture, and atmospheric influence above alluded to. It is equally evident, if observers are not mistaken as to the scintillating nature of the light occasionally emitted, that there must be some other cause than phosphorescence, and to no agency can it with more likelihood be ascribed than to electricity. The earth and atmosphere are often in different electric states, and when so, the leaves and spikelets of vegetables would afford the most prominent points for the elimination of the

passing fluid. Besides the luminosity arising from phosphorescent or electric matter, there is sometimes light occasioned by actual combustion of the volatile oils which are continually flying off from certain plants. Thus the atmosphere surrounding the *dictamnus* or *fraxinella*, a shrub inhabiting the Levant, will inflame upon the application of fire, and yet the plant not be consumed.

Turn we next to luminosity in animals—a phenomenon which has been observed and commented on from the earliest times of natural history. And here, again, we throw out of view those instances of phosphorescence which arise from decomposition, and which have been observed over the spots where animals are buried, or on their bodies even before death, as in cases of human consumption. As in the vegetable, so in the animal kingdom, luminosity is a rare and somewhat irregular phenomenon, appearing not in the higher and more perfect races, but chiefly in the obscure and least important. The most vivid, perhaps, of all luminous creatures is the lantern-fly of the tropics—the *Fulgora lanternaria* of Linneus—which attains a length of three or four inches. It affords a light so great, that travellers walking by night are said to be enabled to pursue their journey with sufficient certainty if they tie one or two of them to a stick, and carry this before them in the manner of a torch. It is common in some parts of South America, and is described by Madame Merian in her work on the insects of Surinam. 'The Indians once brought me (says she), before I knew that they shone by night, a number of these lantern-flies, which I shut up in a large wooden box. In the night they made such a noise, that I awoke in a fright, and ordered a light to be brought, not being able to guess from whence the noise proceeded. As soon as I found that it came from the box, I opened it, but was still more alarmed, and let it fall to the ground in my fright, at seeing a flame of fire come out of it; and as many animals came out, so many different flames appeared. When I found this to be the case, I recovered from my alarm, and again collected the insects, much admiring their splendid appearance.' The light, she adds, of one of these insects is so bright, that a person may see to read a newspaper by it. The phosphorescence proceeds entirely from the hollow part, or lantern, of the head, no other part of the animal being luminous. It is but proper to add that, notwithstanding this positive statement of Madame Merian, certain naturalists not only question, but altogether deny the possession of luminosity by any of the *Fulgorida*; a denial which, in our opinion, rests at best upon a very slender foundation. The luminosity of the insect differs at different times, and under different circumstances; and it by no means proves its non-luminous properties, because it gave forth no light when examined by the naturalists in question.

Next in order comes the less luminous, but more familiar fire-fly or glow-worm—*Lampyrus noctiluea*. In this genus the male insect has expansive wings and horny wing-covers, and makes his flight through the air; the female is wingless, and crawls on the ground; hence the English appellation glow-worm. The light of the former is comparatively feeble, that of the latter beautiful and brilliant. These insects are frequently met with in June and July in woods and meadows, and on banks beneath hedges. The utility of the light of the females is supposed to consist in attracting the attention of the males during the dark, when alone they are able to render themselves conspicuous—a circumstance to which Moore beautifully alludes:—

'For well I knew the lustre shed  
From my rich wings, when proudest spread,  
Was in its nature lambent, pure  
And innocent as is the light  
The glow-worm hangs out to allure  
Her mate to her green bower at night.'

This theory, though probably not correct, is not altogether fanciful, as was proved by Olivier and Robert,

who frequently caught males by holding the females in their hand. Besides, without some such apparatus, it is difficult to conceive how a crawling insect could attract the attention of its mate, whose principal medium of motion is the atmosphere. Be this as it may, the light undoubtedly serves some important purpose in the economy of the glow-worm, and manifests itself even when the insect is in its larvour state. Dieckhoff suggests, in addition to the nuptial theory, that it may serve the insect as a protection against animals of prey. The part which emits the luminosity is the lower region of the abdomen, and near the tip, the light varying in intensity according as the animal moves or is disturbed.

Mr Templer, whose observations on these insects are recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, says that he never saw a glow-worm exhibit its light at all without some sensible motion either in its body or legs. He also fancied the light emitted a sensible heat when it was most brilliant. Latreille found the insects most luminous when immersed in oxygen, and that they sometimes detonated when placed in hydrogen. If the luminous portion of the abdomen be removed, it retains its luminous property for some time; and, when apparently extinct, it may be reproduced by softening the matter with water—a circumstance which the reader cannot fail to associate with what took place when the root of the recently-discovered Indian plant was wrapped in a piece of moistened rag. Robert, in his experiments, could only reproduce it within thirty-six hours after the death of the animal, and that only once, and by the direct application of heat. Darwin, who examined the *Lampyris* of South America, found also that the light was most brilliant when the insects were irritated. 'The shining matter,' he says, 'was fluid, and very adhesive: little spots, where the skin had been torn, continued bright, with a slight scintillation, whilst the uninjured parts were obscured. When the insect was decapitated, the rings remained uninterruptedly bright, but not so brilliant as before: local irritation with a needle always increased the vividness of the light. From these facts, it would appear probable that the animal has only the power of concealing or extinguishing the light for short intervals, and that at other times the light is involuntary. The larvæ possessed but feeble luminous powers: very differently from their parents, on the slightest touch they feigned death, and ceased to shine, nor did irritation excite any fresh display.' The brilliancy of the light is increased by plunging the insect in warm water; but cold water extinguishes it. If the insect is crushed, and the face or hands rubbed with it, they contract a luminous appearance, similar to that produced from phosphorus. Such is all that is known of the nature and uses of the glow-worm's luminosity. We are not aware that any chemist has subjected the matter to analysis; and it were almost a pity that sober fact should destroy the charm with which poetical fancy has arrayed the subject.

Passing over several land insects—such as certain beetles, scolopendra, &c.—which exhibit less or more of luminosity, some of the marine animals presenting similar phenomena may next be adverted to. One of the most common is the night-shining nereis—*Nereis noctiluca*. The body of this little creature is a mere oblong speck, so minute as to elude examination by the naked eye. It inhabits every sea, and is one of the causes of the shining of the water in the night, which is sometimes so great as to make that element appear as if on fire. Myriads of these creatures are found on all kinds of sea-weeds; but they often leave them and swim on the surface of the water. They are common at all seasons, but particularly in summer before stormy weather, when they are more agitated and more luminous than at other times. Their numbers and wonderful agility, added to their luminous property, must contribute not a little to that phosphorescence so often observed on the ocean; for myriads are contained in a single glass of water. The iridescence or lustre of various fishes may be also caused by these

animalcules attaching themselves to their scales. 'I have observed with great attention,' says Barbut in his *Genera Vermium*, 'a fish just caught out of the sea, whose body was almost covered with them, and have examined them in the dark: they twist and curl themselves with amazing agility, but soon retire out of our contracted sight, probably on account of their glittering numbers dazzling the eye, and their extreme minuteness eluding our researches. It is to be observed that, when the unctuous moisture which covers the scales of fishes is exhausted by the air, these animals are not to be seen; nor are the fishes then noctilucous, that matter being perhaps their nourishment when living, as they themselves afford food to many marine animals. They do not shine in the day-time, because the solar rays are too powerful for their light, however aggregate, or however immense their number.' If water containing these animalcules be kept warm, they will retain their luminosity for some days after they are dead, but in cold water they lose it in a few hours. Motion and warmth, which increase their vivacity and strength, increase also their light.

Besides the nereide, there are many other sea-animalcules, as the minute crustacea, the medusa, infusoria, and certain corallines, possessing luminous properties, and which, when congregated in shoals, give to the agitated waters that phosphorescent brilliancy observed by almost every navigator. It is difficult, however, in many of these instances, to say whether the luminosity is the result of decay, or of a vital and peculiar principle; and therefore we shall not found any conclusion upon them. It may be remarked, however, that, when the waves scintillate with bright green sparks, the light is owing to the presence of minute living creatures; and that, when the phosphorescence is steadier, and of a paler hue, the proximate cause is the decay of gelatinous particles with which the ocean abounds. Ehrenberg no doubt ascribes a certain degree of irritability to these particles; but in this he is not borne out by other observers. The phenomenon happens most frequently in warm countries, and most brilliantly immediately after a few days of still weather. Now, though such would certainly be most favourable to the rapid increase of minute animals, it would at the same time be equally active in hastening the process of decay; so that, in the majority of instances, the phosphorescence of the ocean may be safely attributed to the decomposition of organic particles.

From all the experiments which have been made, it would seem that animal luminosity is a true phosphorescence, increased by warmth, and made most obvious when the animal is disturbed or put in motion. In plants, it was surmised, upon pretty good grounds, that electricity was sometimes the illuminating agency; but in animals we have no such reason. In all the experiments of Dr Williamson upon the electric eel, he never obtained so much as the trace of a spark; and if the fluid is not perceptible when thus concentrated, as in the gymnotus, we are not to expect it when manifesting itself in the common operations of vitality, even if certain that it was concerned in producing that phenomenon. Altogether, then, the luminosity in living plants and animals may, in the present state of our knowledge, be thus resolved:—The light occasionally yielded by plants seems to be in most cases the result of phosphoric emissions; in some it appears to arise from the presence of electricity. In the former case, the phosphorus must be taken up from the soil, which is known to contain many phosphates; in the latter, the plants seem to act as the mere conductors of electricity from one medium to another. On the other hand, luminosity in animals seems in all cases to be owing to the presence of phosphoric matter; nor is there any difficulty in accounting for its presence. In the dead organism of plants and animals, phosphorescence is no rare phenomenon; nor are we to seek for any supernatural cause or presentiment when it manifests itself on the countenances of those whose frames are melting away under consumption, or otherwise labouring



under peculiar diseases. Its appearance in plants prepares us for its occurrence in the humbler animals, and its presence there ought to do away with any surprise at its occasional manifestation in the higher forms of animation.

#### NAMES OF PLACES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is perhaps nothing in which the Americans have displayed so little of their usual ingenuity and originality, as in the choice of names for the various places in their territories. The names of the principal towns and counties in Britain—particularly those of England—have been repeatedly applied to counties and towns on the other side of the Atlantic. The names of the most famous cities of ancient and modern times in the old world have been selected for the districts and cities of the new; and the Americans have practised with great zeal that species of hero-worship that assigns to places the names of distinguished men. It may not be uninteresting to give, on the authority of a gazetteer recently published by Messrs Sherman and Smith of New York, some account of the extent to which this method of nomenclature has been adopted in the United States.

Commencing with the great names of antiquity, we find that there are eighteen counties, townships, towns, villages, and other minor places bearing the name of Athens. Of this number there are two which appear to be well worthy of the name. One is situated in the state of Ohio, on a peninsula formed by a bend in the river Hockhocking: its whole appearance is stated to be picturesque and imposing. It contains only 710 inhabitants, but is the seat of the Ohio university, which has a president, five professors, and 165 students, with 2500 volumes in its libraries. The college edifice is built on an eminence in the south part of the town, with a beautiful green of several acres in front. The other Athens is in the county of Georgia, with 3000 inhabitants. It also contains a university, with a president and six professors. The state of New York contains a township named Sparta, with a population of nearly 6000; while other twelve Spartas are found in other states. In 1777, a township named Corinth was settled in the state of Vermont; it now contains 1970 inhabitants. The name of a village on the Hudson river has lately been changed from 'Jesup's Landing' to Corinth; and the state of Georgia contains another Corinth, which has about thirty houses. The representative of Babylon is a village in New York state, with a population of 250; and on the river Susquehanna is found a Nineveh, with a population of 125. Rome has in modern, as she did in ancient times, taken the lead of Carthage; for we find that the places bearing the former name are fourteen in number, while of the latter there are only twelve. It happens also curiously enough that the capital of Athens county, in Ohio, is named Athens, while two of its towns are termed Rome and Carthage. There are, in various states, four Delphis, which no doubt will contain many village oracles; and though Leonidas fell at Thermopylae, yet there is a Leonidas in the state of Michigan, whose population outnumbers the glorious 300 by 110. The ancients had one Arcadia, the Americans have three; and of four Atticas, one is described as a village in the township of Venice, Seneca county, state of Ohio. Ithaca is the name of a township with a population of 5650, in New York state; and of a village in Ohio. The ruins of the great Memphis have long been buried in silent obscurity under the mud of the Nile, but another Memphis now rears its head on an elevated bluff of the Mississippi river, contains 3300 inhabitants, and possesses, what the ancient Memphis in all its glory never had, three printing-offices and three weekly newspapers. The Asiatic Troy, though it caused noise enough in the eastern world 3000 years ago, is scarcely heard of

now, except in the pages of Homer and Virgil, but a new Troy has arisen on the banks of the Hudson, which already contains 20,000 inhabitants. The other American Troys are twenty in number. Nor are the names of ancient poets, philosophers, and warriors, found in less profusion. Seven places in ancient times claimed the honour of having given birth to Homer, but six places in the United States have taken his name. There are a Horace and a Virgil in the state of New York; and the name of Ovid, besides being applied to a township in the same state, is also found in Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana. The proportion which Senecas bear to Morals is as ten to one; and there is one Plato, with one Republic, and three Republicans. The application of the name of Brutus to two townships, while that of Cæsar is only given to one, is a literal commentary upon the speech which Shakespeare makes Cassius speak to Brutus. The great Hannibal of antiquity crossed the European Alps 2000 years ago, but his name has now crossed the Alleghany Mountains of the new world, and is found on the banks of the Mississippi. The name of his great rival, Scipio, is found north in Michigan, west in Indiana, and east in New York. The states of Maine, Ohio, and New York, contain each a Solon; and on the banks of Lake Erie there is a Euclid. New York likewise possesses a Cato and a Cicero; while the former is again found in Illinois, and the latter in Indiana. The greatest deities of Greece and Rome have likewise their representatives; for we find Jupiter far west in Arkansas, Mars in Indiana and Alabama, Ceres and Apollo in Pennsylvania, and Flora in Illinois. Diana, the mighty huntress, has given her name to a township in New York; and the great Minerva is found in Ohio and Kentucky, as well as on the banks of the Hudson.

The names of places mentioned in Scripture have also been extensively made use of. There is a Jerusalem in the state of New York, where it is reported that Jemima Wilkinson, the founder of the strange religious sect called Shakers, resided, and died in 1819. Virginia contains another Jerusalem; and seven states possess each a Bethlehem. The name of Goshen is used nineteen, and that of Lebanon twenty-one times. Of Canaans there are thirteen, and of Palestines eleven. There are seven places named Mount Carmel, and seven named Mount Zion. There is a Mount Pisgah in North Carolina, and a Mount Sinai in New York. There are also twelve Edens, four Jerichos, eight Hebrons, and one Emaus. Names have also been brought from the far east of the old world, and given to places in the far west of the new. There is a Pekin in Illinois, with a weekly newspaper and 900 inhabitants; and the other Pekins are four in number. Michigan contains a China, a Nankin, and a Canton; Ohio a Canton and a Nankin; New York and Maine both a China and a Canton; and other eleven Cantons are found in the other states. There are a Bombay and a Delhi in New York, and a Calcutta and a Delhi in Ohio. There is a Persia in Missouri, and another in New York. At the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers there is a Cairo; and the state of Michigan contains the township of Bengal. In Maine there is a township named Levant; and two rocky ridges frowning on each other from opposite sides of the Arkansas river are called the Dardanelles.

The names of the capital cities of Europe are found in great profusion. There are two Londons, and ten New Londons. One of the latter is situated on the river Thames in Connecticut, and contains a population of 5519. There are nine Edinburghs, the largest of which is in the state of New York, and contains a population of 1485. There is one Edina, which, appropriately enough, is the capital of a county named Scotland. Of Dublins there are ten, besides an Upper and a Lower Dublin. There are nine Lisbons, two Madrids, and five Bernes; and though there are two Switzerlands, yet there is neither a Spain nor a Portugal. The capital of Bourbon county, in Kentucky, is named Paris; and though the name of the capital of France is applied to other twelve places, France itself is nowhere to be found.

Orleans, Lyons, Brest, Versailles, Bordeaux, Alsace, and other French names, have, however, been extensively used. Of Copenhagen there are three, one of which is situated in Denmark county. There are five Amsterdams, four Hollands, a Dutchman's-Point, a Dutch-Settlement, and a Dutchville. There is only one Christiana, but there are two Norways; while there are three Swedens, and two Stockholms. Though the name of Berlin is such a favourite that it is used twenty times, yet there is not a single Prussia. The largest of the twelve Viennas is situated in Oneida county, New York, and contains 2530 inhabitants. There are ten Warsaws, one of which is the capital of a county named Kosciusko; and of four Polands, one is situated in the township of Russia, New York. The names of Geneva, Genoa, Venice, Milan, Turin, Verona, Mantua, Naples, and Palermo, are found in various states. There is neither a Constantinople nor a Stamboul; but the Petersburgs are eleven, and the Moscovs nine in number.

The ancient names borne by the divisions of the United Kingdom, have sprung from their long sleep into new life in the United States. Perhaps some French journalist may carry his hatred to the Albion, which he styles 'la perfide,' so far as to quarrel with the Americans for giving its name to Orleans county, in the state of New York, and for using it seven times besides. Of Caledonias there are ten, of Cambrias five, and of Hibernias two. Many names have likewise been derived from Scotch and Irish towns. There is a Glasgow situated on the river Missouri; another, for some unstated reason, is made the capital of Barren county, in the state of Kentucky; while a third is found in Ohio, and a fourth in Delaware. On the Ohio river there is an Aberdeen, which contains sixty dwelling-houses, six stores, and various mechanics' shops; while a village of the same name is found still further west in the state of Mississippi. New York state contains a township named Perth, of which it is recorded that the surface is rolling, the soil clay loam, and the population 737. Dundee is represented by a township in Michigan, near the Raisin river, and contains a population of 773, and a capital of 8000 dollars, invested in manufactures. On a branch of the Potomac river, in the state of Virginia, is situated the village of Dumfries. In Maine there is a Kilmarnock, with a population of 319; and in Virginia another, containing 140 inhabitants. New York state has one Elgin, and Illinois another. Dunbar is the name of a township in Pennsylvania, containing a population of 2079, and with a capital of 90,208 dollars, invested in manufactures. 'A fine farming town' in New Hampshire, with 950 inhabitants, is named Dumbarton. The village of Montrose, in Iowa, is described as 'situated on elevated ground, on a beautiful prairie, and commanding a view of the Mississippi river, and of the surrounding country for twenty miles.' It is opposite to the notorious city of Nauvoo, the head-quarters of the Mormons. Another Montrose, with three printing-offices, one weekly newspaper, and 632 inhabitants, is the capital of Susquehanna county, in the state of Pennsylvania. There are three counties named Lauderdale among the southern states, the aggregate population of which is 23,278, of whom 7332 are slaves. In the county of Wayne, New York, there is a river Clyde; there is no Greenock at its mouth, but there is a Greenock on the west bank of the Mississippi, in the state of Arkansas. Beautifully situated at the head of Belfast Bay, on the west side of Penobscot river, in the state of Maine, is the town of Belfast, with a printing-office, a weekly newspaper, and a population of 4186. There are two Belfasts in Pennsylvania, and one in each of the states of New York, Ohio, and Tennessee. The Antrims are six in number, and the Waterfords thirteen. There is a Galway in New York; of Colerains there are eight; and there is a Cork in Ohio. In the state of Pennsylvania alone there are three Donegals, and the same state contains a couple of Armagh's.

The above names are selected almost at random, and

the summary could be considerably increased. Nomenclature derived from places in England, however, is by far the most common; and indeed it may be said that there is scarcely a county or a town of any consequence between the Tweed and the English channel, that has not stood godfather a dozen times for some infant location on the other side of the Atlantic. These and other specimens, however, we must reserve for another occasion.

### HERIOT AND HIS HOSPITAL

Among the more conspicuous public edifices which decorate Edinburgh, is one in the southern district of the city, known as Heriot's hospital, an institution, in object and munificence of management, not unlike that of the far-famed Christ's hospital in London. For the establishment and endowment of this foundation, Edinburgh was indebted to the benevolence of George Heriot, who, as goldsmith and jeweller, and, we may add, humble acquaintance and money-lender to James VI., has been immortalised in the pages of the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' The publication for the first time of a veracious and minute memoir of 'Gingling Geordie,' as Scott has been pleased to call him,\* affords us an opportunity of saying something of Heriot and his institution.

Of George Heriot's early history, it is acknowledged that little is known. It is only ascertained that he was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, was born in the year 1563, and in due time brought up to his father's profession, then one of the most lucrative trades in the country. While a young man, he entered into business on his own account, and almost at the same time formed a respectable matrimonial connexion. His wife was an heiress in a small way, and brought her husband, what was then esteemed a little fortune, property yielding L.6, 2s. 7d. annually. With some cash contributed by Heriot's father, as 'ane beginning and pak,' the newly-married pair commenced the business of life. Their capital, amounting exactly to L.214, 11s. 8d. in reality commanded as much consideration in the Scottish metropolis in the early part of the reign of James VI., as would some thousands of pounds in the present day.

It was in the year 1586 that young Heriot thus adventured in the career in which he afterwards attained not a little celebrity and wealth. His first shop was by no means of an aspiring character, but consisted of a booth or krame, adjoining St Giles's cathedral, forming one of a row of such places of business which till recent times hung parasitically about that building. In this humble erection, and afterwards in one at the west end of the cathedral, Heriot acquired an extensive connexion in trade as a goldsmith, to which, there being as yet no banks, he added the profession of money-lender. He soon recommended himself to the notice of his sovereign, by whom, on the 17th July 1597, he was declared goldsmith to Anne of Denmark, the gay consort of James VI. Ten days afterwards, Heriot's appointment was publicly proclaimed at the cross of Edinburgh by sound of trumpet. This, it must be confessed, was a most fortunate appointment, for never, truly, did tradesman get a better customer. Anne was addicted to extravagances little in harmony with the slenderness of the royal resources. She was fond of purchasing costly jewellery for presentation to favourites, as well as for her own personal decoration; and when desirous of procuring articles of this kind, or an advance of money, it was no unusual thing for her to pledge with Heriot the most precious of her jewels. Thus divested of some of her most valuable ornaments, she was sometimes in great straits to make a decent appearance at court, and poor James, her husband, appears to have been driven to his wits' end to procure the cash necessary to redeem the

\* Memoir of George Heriot, &c. By W. Steven, D.D. Edinburgh: 1845.

implicated articles. A less rigid tradesman would have permitted himself to be coaxed out of the deposit by a few fair words; but Heriot was too firm and cautious to surrender his charge on such terms, and yet possessed the rare merit of pleasing his royal customers by his independence. The *swavler in modo* appears to have been never more happily blended with the *fortiter in re*, than in the case of George Heriot. On the 4th April 1601, Heriot was appointed jeweller to the king, by which he gained a considerable accession to his business. So entirely did the royal household seem to require the services of Heriot, in his double capacity of goldsmith and cashier, that an apartment in the palace of Holyrood was actually prepared, in which he might regularly transact affairs. 'It has been computed,' observes our authority, 'that during the ten years which immediately preceded the accession of King James to the throne of Great Britain, Heriot's bills for the queen's jewels alone could not amount to less than £50,000 sterling,' a sum which will appear incredible in amount to those who are not acquainted with the silly rage for personal decoration which prevailed in these half-barbarous times. Imitating the extravagance of the court, the principal nobility and gentry in Scotland vied with one another in their adornment with jewellery, and, like royalty, found their way, in times of emergency, as suitors for pecuniary accommodation to the young goldsmith. In ransacking the charters and papers now treasured up in Heriot's hospital, Dr Steven has alighted on a number of documents illustrative of the difficulties to which both king and queen, from want of prudent foresight, were put occasionally for a little ready cash. The queen having on one occasion found it necessary to pay a hurried visit to Stirling to see her son, Prince Henry, despatched the following note to Heriot, requesting a supply of money.

'GORDO HERIOTT, I earnestlie dissyr youe present to send me twa hundrethe pundis with all expedition, becaus I man hest me away presentlie.—ANNA R.'

To think of a queen sending to one of her tradesmen for a loan of £17, 13s. 4d. sterling, the sum expressed by 'twa hundrethe pundis' in the old Scots money!

On the accession of James to the English throne, and his removal to London, Heriot participated in the change, being too intimately connected with his sovereign's arrangements to be allowed a long absence from his wonted post. Accordingly, we soon find our goldsmith and money-lender in London, his place of business being somewhere in Cornhill, opposite the Exchange. Here he was concerned in numerous and large transactions on behalf of the royal family: and, on one occasion, so great was his press of business, that government issued a proclamation requiring all mayors and justices of peace to aid and assist him in procuring workmen at the current rate of wages. While thus prosperous in his affairs, he was bereaved of his wife. Five years afterwards, he entered into a matrimonial alliance with Alison Primrose, eldest daughter of James Primrose, first Earl of Rosebury. Mr Primrose filled the office of clerk to the Scots privy council; and being burdened with a family of nineteen children, it may be supposed that the marriage of one of his daughters to a wealthy London jeweller must have been considered a particularly advantageous arrangement. The connexion, however, was of no long duration. Alison Primrose was cut off in the flower of her days, and Heriot was again a childless widower. The event appears, from private papers, to have been a source of sincere grief. Two months afterwards, we find him tracing, on a slip of paper, the short but significant sentence—'She cannot be too much lamented who could not be too much loved!' a declaration doubtless sincere, as it does not seem to have been intended for the public eye. Heriot ever afterwards remained a widower, devoting himself to the prosecution of his now greatly extended business, and devising plans for the investment of his large property at his decease. Having no relations for whom he entertained any affection, his mind became

occupied with the idea of establishing an institution at Edinburgh, to resemble in character Christ's hospital in London; and accordingly such was finally resolved upon, his designs being assisted by his cousin, Adam Lawtie, a lawyer in the Scottish capital, who long acted as his confidant in the purchasing of property and disposal of his means. With his house thus set in order, the venerable Heriot died in London, at the age of sixty years, on the 12th of February 1624. The whole of his large property, after payment of various legacies, was ordered by his will to go to the civic authorities and ministers of Edinburgh, for erecting and maintaining an hospital in that city 'for the educatione, nursing, and upbringing of youth, being paup orphans and fatherless children of decayed burgesses and freemen of the said burgh, destitute and left without means.' It would be needless to detail the steps taken to carry the pious design of the founder into execution; suffice it to say, that in due time a large and handsome structure was erected as the desired hospital, which remains, as we have said, till the present time, as one of the most conspicuous public edifices in Edinburgh. The funds realised for the use of the institution seem to have been under £24,000; the hospital was opened on the 11th April 1659, by the admission of thirty boys.

For now nearly two hundred years, Heriot's hospital has continued to flourish and enjoy a deserved local fame. With an annual revenue, we believe, of nearly £15,000, it affords maintenance, clothing, and education, also some pecuniary presents, to a hundred and eighty boys, such being all that the house, large as it is, is able conveniently to accommodate. Instead of increasing the establishment in correspondence with the extent of the funds, it was suggested a few years ago by Mr Duncan McLaren, one of the governors, to devote an annual surplus of about £3000 to the erection and maintenance of free schools throughout the city, for the education of poor children, those of poor burgesses being preferred; and this judicious proposal being forthwith adopted, and sanctioned by an act of parliament, there have since been erected, and are now in operation, five juvenile and two infant schools, unitedly giving an elementary education to 2131 children; and when other two schools, now in progress, are finished, the advantages of this well-designed arrangement will be materially extended.

In these seminaries, apart from the head establishment, the children, as in ordinary schools, are received and dismissed daily at stated hours; and it is not uninteresting to observe, that the sense of the community has begun to set in in favour of a similar arrangement with the hospital itself. The arguments pursued by the objectors to a strictly hospital education carry with them some degree of weight, and may in brief be stated as follows:—'Family relationship is a primary ordination of Nature. It is a fundamental design in Providence that children should be reared under the control and direction of parents. The school in which character and habits are to be correctly formed, is the *fireside circle*. The school of schoolmasters can do little more than impart technical knowledge, and enforce discipline. The parents, therefore, who neglect their proper duty, and shuffle on the back of the schoolmaster or hired assistant, in a public hospital, the burden which they are in reason bound to carry, commit a grievous error; which, like all errors, carries with it its own punishment. There are, unquestionably, as in orphanage, cases in which the parental relation is deranged or destroyed; but a public asylum, conducted on the principle of a monastery, is far from being the proper means for its restoration. In cases of this lamentable nature, society is bound to supply an artificial relationship—to hand over the orphans to persons who, for a reasonable hire, will act the part of parents. Improved as hospitals are in some of their arrangements, it is matter of observation that children reared in them, however well their bodily wants may be attended to, or however much they are crammed with



technical instruction, are lamentably behind in a thousand particulars in which children reared at home are proficient; while the cultivation of their affections, an important element in education, is altogether neglected. Startling from their novelty, yet not without truth, such are the sentiments now beginning to be entertained respecting hospital nurture in Edinburgh, where it is in the course of being carried, by the erection of new hospitals, to what may become a dangerous excess. As the subject is one of great importance to society, we shall endeavour to treat it with all the deliberation it merits on a more suitable occasion.

## LONDON IN 1765, BY A FRENCHMAN.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

We continue, in the present article, the extracts from the author already noticed under the above title in a recent number of the Journal. As we advance, we find still the same favourable opinion of London and its inhabitants generally; but the writer, when he enters more fully into the discussion of metropolitan habits and customs, is often betrayed into error, connecting effects with causes to which they bear no adequate relation. We are led to infer, from the perusal of his remarks, that although his nation may have excelled ours in the courtesies and amenities of social life, yet in all that is of sterling value, all that constitutes character, he conceded the superiority, with some few exceptions, to England:—

'In no particular does London less resemble Paris than in its police arrangements. The English themselves say that London is full of thieves, as bold as they are cunning. And yet, although always in the streets, in the crowd, and amid the mobs which I sometimes encountered, and without paying the least attention to my pockets, I never had cause to complain of their subtlety, which I solicited even by the absence of precaution. I was walking one afternoon in the avenue of Chelsea hospital, and having sat down on one of the benches, fell asleep with a book in my hand. When I awoke, I found myself surrounded by old soldiers, one of whom, speaking French, said that I had run great risk by sleeping in that manner. "I knew," was my answer, "that I was among soldiers and honest people, and what was there to fear in such company?" and gave him a shilling for his caution.

'If the inhabitants of London believe themselves to be surrounded by thieves, at all events they do not so act with regard to the pots of beautiful Cornwall pewter, in which the dealers in beer distribute their beverage through every district at all hours in the day. For when the pots are empty, in order that the pot-boys may have but little trouble in collecting them, they are placed in the open passages of the houses, and sometimes on the door-step in the street. I saw them thus exposed in all my walks, and felt quite assured against all the cunning of thieves.

'The police leave theatrical exhibitions to take care of themselves, considering it a duty to respect the pleasures and temporary gaieties of a nation which has only these in which to relieve itself of its melancholy and seriousness of character. Thus absolutely without supervision, the theatres of London are more free than were those of Paris before M. D'Argenson gave them up to the French guards; a liberty the more astonishing, as footmen and lackeys are admitted without payment to a large gallery that surrounds and overlooks the pit. All the newspapers of Europe sometimes resound with the brawls, riots, and combats, the consequence of this liberty. The last riot which they noticed had for its object a troop of French dancers exhibiting at Covent Garden, and against which the pretended patriotism had got up a cabal. The struggle was a sharp one, as the rioters returned to the charge, during several successive days, with blows of fists and cudgels; and the victory having at last declared for the patriotic party, the

French abandoned the field of battle to the victors. During this struggle, the police and other public functionaries maintained a strict neutrality.

'Such are, at London, the effects of the absence of the police from the theatres; but it constitutes a part of the national liberties, and it is easy to imagine what a free course it leaves to insult, which reaches at times to the highest authority. When the new tax on beer was imposed, the reigning sovereign was made to feel what the sourness of discontent can suggest to a haughty people. His majesty was compelled to relinquish his visits to the theatre, in consequence of an atrocious witticism boldly and distinctly addressed to him.

'The affair of Wilkes with his 45th number of the North Briton, has taught all Europe to what point the liberty of the press is carried in London. The powers of Europe and their ministers have long claimed to be treated with greater respect and reverence by writers in London, than is shown to the British monarch and his cabinet. Of how many satirical and virulent attacks was not Louis XIV. the object, even long after the entire defeat of the Jacobite party. Lord Molesworth, on his return from his embassy to Copenhagen, at the commencement of the present century, wrote a work on Denmark, filled with caustic observations on the court and condition of that kingdom. The king of Denmark was at that time on terms of great intimacy with the court of England, and he gave orders to his ambassador to demand from the king, William III., a marked apology on the writer's part, or that he might be given up to the justice of the laws of Denmark. "Have a care," replied the king to the ambassador—"have a care of making this order public; it would only tend to enrich a second edition, and to insure its sale."

'Caricatures engage the attention of the police still less than books. An infinity of little shops, especially in the district of Westminster, are covered over daily with sheets on which the principal personages of the ministry, or of the parliament, are pitilessly torn to pieces, in emblems as grossly imagined as pitifully executed. The engraver gains his object, if he can preserve some features by which the persons whom he wishes to expose to ridicule may be recognised. I saw one of these, which represented the principal judges piled in a heap with their great wigs, profoundly asleep in a contrast of grotesque attitudes, while their physiognomies were easily recognisable.

'The police pay no attention to anything that does not directly affect the life or liberty of the citizen, and, in consequence, an open field is left to the individual fights, so frequent in London among the common people, and sometimes even among the better class, who, for recreation, wish to maul or be mauled. The mob is the born umpire of these fights, which are governed by traditional rules; of which the first is, that the fight shall continue until one of the combatants acknowledges himself beaten, either by crying for quarter, by remaining on the ground without an attempt to rise, or by refusing the assistance of the spectators, who are always ready to put the defeated on his legs. The fights take place with blows of fists and heads; and it is a rule to strip even to the skin, to show that the fighters neither fear the blows, nor have anything on their bodies to deaden their effect.

'So much is this taste diffused in the English blood, that in the great schools of Westminster and Eton, the sons of the first nobility fight in the same way, and consider themselves disgraced for life if they are beaten. It extends even to the women: I saw in Holborn a woman at blows with a man, who struck her with all the fury and force of which he was capable, while he animated his courage by a torrent of abuse. The woman, not less furious, attacked him vigorously over the face and eyes. I saw five or six rounds of this brawl, which astonished me the more, as the woman held on her left arm a child of two years old, who, instead of howling, as is natural to children in less serious circumstances, did not even wink an eye, and seemed to be

quietly taking a lesson in that which he would one day practise. In Parliament Street, I saw one of the scoundrels who line the pavement in that quarter attack a respectable individual, who passed near him, with insult and abuse, shaking his fist at the same time under the other's nose. The person insulted raised the large cane which he carried and struck the aggressor, who fell senseless, while the striker continued his walk. I was informed that the insult being gratuitous, he had nothing to fear, even if the insulter should die of the blow.

'One of the principal reasons why the police are so inoperative in all the cases of which I have treated, is, that there are no poor in London—a consequence of its rich and numerous charitable establishments, and the immense sum raised by the poor-rates. Every parish collects and makes the division. This is one of the first and heaviest charges to which houses are liable; and its pressure may be judged of by the total amount raised by this means, twenty-two millions [francs?]\* This impost is, however, one which the little householders pay most cheerfully, as they consider it a fund from which, in the event of their death, their wives and children will be supported.

'Notwithstanding the abuses inseparable from pecuniary affairs, and its enormous amount, this tax is the best means by which an opulent nation can honour itself by its riches. In banishing mendicancy from London, it has relieved the police from the care of the principal object of their solicitude in other places.

'If we judge of the condition of the people of London by the daily wages of the workmen, we should regard them as rich in comparison with those of Paris, their gains being double that of the artisans of the latter city. At the same time, they might be considered, relatively, as in much better circumstances, being as steady and uniform in manners and conduct, as the Parisians, generally speaking, are the reverse. But the Londoners live well and dress well;† they multiply rapidly; and everything is of such an excessive dearth, that, with great earnings, and expending only for absolute necessities, they live, as elsewhere, from hand to mouth. An opinion may be formed of the dearth of provisions from the prices during my stay, of which I noted the particulars: bread is sold at from 5 to 6 sous the pound; common meat, 9 sous; best beef, 16 to 18 sous; bacon, 20 sous; butter, 25 sous; candles, 14 sous: the price of a milch cow is from 12 to 15 guineas; and an acre of land near the city lets for the same sum annually: a load of manure is ten shillings. The high prices excited the clamours of the populace, who, however, were not suffering from famine; and when parliament met, their first business was with the energetic petition of the rioters. The only measures taken were to forbid the export of wheat from England, and to open the ports for three months to that of foreign countries.

'English bread is good and delicate, but with a great deal of crumb; and as the Londoners live on this, with butter and tea, from the morning until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, a great quantity is consumed—cut in transverse slices, whose thinness does as much honour to the skill of the cutter as to the edge of the knife. Three or four of these slices suffice for a breakfast: so economical are the people in their repasts, that what would be necessary for a Frenchman of ordinary appetite, is sufficient for three hearty Englishmen. They seem to use bread only from the fear of eating one meal without it; and yet the physicians consider bread as the heaviest and most indigestible of aliments. It is this taste, and the consequent usage, which enables the English to export a prodigious quantity of grain from their islands—an exportation which proves less the

abundance than the smallness of the consumption. The dearth of grain, also, causes but little sensation even among the people, who would readily do without bread if circumstances required it.

'I had often heard of the excellence of the meat eaten in England; but having eaten of it in every way in which it is served, either roast or boiled, I have not found it either so firm, juicy, or tender as that of France. The poultry is soft and watery; veal has all the imperfection of an unformed meat; mutton has no other merit than its fat, so much the more striking, as the butchers remove none of the suet from any part; and the beef, although less compact and more divisible than that of France, and consequently more easy of mastication and digestion, can only have imposed on the French who have praised it by its enormous fat, which is never seen in France.

'The English have no knowledge of soup, or of *bouilli*. If they sometimes make soup for invalids, or foreigners who cannot live without it, the beef used in its preparation is never seen again, at least upon good tables.

'The price of vegetables is in proportion to the dearth of other articles of food, while they are not of very good quality. All those which grow in the neighbourhood of London are impregnated with the flavour of the smoke with which the atmosphere of this city is loaded, and have a very disagreeable taste, which they impart to the meat cooked with them.

'Owing to the humid, and nearly always foggy air in which London is enveloped, the greatest cleanliness is required on the part of the inhabitants, who in this respect may be compared with the Hollanders. The apartments, furniture, hearths, earthenware, staircases, and even the street doors, with their locks and great brass knockers, are washed, rubbed, and scoured every day. In the houses where rooms are let as lodgings, the middle of the stairs is covered with a carpet, which protects the wood from the dirt brought in from without. All the apartments have similar carpets, which have for some years gone out of use in France.

'But that which is a necessity in England, would only be an extravagance in France. The houses in London are all built with pine; staircases and floors are all of this material, which will not bear the continual friction of the feet without peeling and splintering; hence the use of carpets. Otherwise, floors of good pine, washed and rubbed, have an appearance of whiteness and cleanliness not always found in the most highly-finished inlaid floor. This love of cleanliness has banished from London the little dogs kept by all classes in Paris, where they fill the streets, houses, and churches.

'The servants of the middle classes, and the ladies'-maids of the nobility, salute their mistresses when they meet them in the streets and public places, dressed in such a manner that, if one does not know the lady, it is very difficult to distinguish her from her servant. The assiduity, attention, cleanliness, work, and punctuality which the English require of their domestics, regulate the amount of their wages; in other words, their wages are very high. This may be judged of by the sum paid in the house where I lived to a great Welsh servant just arrived from her country, speaking scarcely a word of English, who knew only to wash, sweep, and scrub, and would learn nothing else. The wages of this girl were six guineas a-year, besides one guinea for tea, which all the domestics take twice a-day, either in money or in kind. The wages of a cook who roasts and boils meat are twenty guineas. The perquisites of servants double their wages: these are not derived exclusively from the established exactions on foreigners, as has been commonly supposed; all the natives pay them, even at the houses of their nearest friends and relations. My landlady's sister paid every time she came to take tea in her company. The Scottish lords have been the first to exert themselves to relieve strangers from these charges, and they formed an association whose primary object was the augmen-

\* In 1843, the amount collected in England and Wales for poor-rates was less than £5,000,000, of which the city of London contributed £450,000.

† In crossing the Thames, I have frequently observed that my boatmen wore silk stockings.

tation of servants' wages. Lord Morton himself informed me of this, as I was about to take my leave after dining with him, adding that he was one of the heads of the association. In other houses of the same rank which I visited, the same order was probably given; for, not seeing the servants place themselves in an attitude for receiving, I walked out *à la Française*. The newspapers have been filled with accounts of the riots of the domestics, occasioned by the suppression of the ancient usage. It is to be presumed that victory will declare itself for the masters, unless the spirit of English liberty take part in the quarrel.

The melancholy of the English is no doubt owing to the fogs and humidity which continually cover London and the three kingdoms. The people, too, live principally on meat. The quantity of bread consumed in a day by one Frenchman would suffice for four Englishmen: beef is their ordinary diet; and this meat, which they relish in proportion to the quantity of fat, mixed in their stomachs with the beer which they drink, must habitually produce a chyle whose viscous heaviness conveys only bilious and melancholic vapours to the brain.

The coal smoke which fills the atmosphere of London may also be reckoned among the physical causes of the melancholy of its inhabitants. The earthy and mineral particles contained in it pass into the blood of those who breathe it continually, imparting heaviness and other melancholic principles. The moral causes, resulting in part from the physical, aggravate and perpetuate what the latter have begun; while education, religion, theatricals, and the press, seem to have no other object than to maintain the national lugubriousness.

Rents are a cause of considerable expense. Except some few in the centre of the city, all the houses in London belong to speculators, who build on land taken by lease for forty, sixty, or ninety-nine years; and upon the length of the lease depends the solidity of the structure. Those which are near the end of their terms are but shells. It is true that the outer facing is of brick, but only of one in thickness; and these bricks are made of the first earth that comes to hand—just shown to the fire, not burnt. In the new quarters of London, the bricks are made upon the ground itself, with the earth dug from the foundations and drains, mixed with cinders. The interior of the houses is of the same lightness as the exterior; strips of pine are used instead of beams; while all the joiner work is of the thinnest possible material. The rooms are wainscoted to two-thirds of their height; and the hollow wainscot at the sides of the windows contains the weights by means of which the sash is raised or lowered, with the slightest force. In houses thus constructed, it is easy to imagine what must be the progress and ravages of the almost inevitable conflagration.\*

All the houses in London are insured against fire—a precaution originating probably in the deep impression left by the great fire of 1666. These establishments, which assure the perpetuity of the city, have not yet reached Paris.

The rent of the house in which I lodged was thirty-eight guineas a-year; it had, however, only three storeys; and there were, besides, payments of one guinea for water, two for poor-tax, and three for the charges on windows, scavengers, and *ouch-men* (watchmen).

The water supplied to the houses three times a-week is not good. It is raised from the Thames by fire-pumps, invented and placed in the river by a German gentleman in the reign of Elizabeth. A French refugee, named Savary, has since improved this machine, whose moving power is the vapour of water raised and rarefied by ebullition—a power whose force would be incomprehensible, were it not there actually before our eyes.

Here we have an incidental notice of the steam-engine

\* These observations apply equally well to the present day.

in its infancy, before Watt had brought out its stupendous powers. The inaccuracies and exaggerations in the traveller's statements will be readily detected by most of our readers; we have indicated only some of the more important.

#### GOOD-WILL AND WORKS TO ALL MEN.

I REMEMBER a poor patriot in Renfrewshire, whose anxiety as to the national debt made him neglect his own debts, until he found himself within the walls of a jail. Now, weak and improvident though that man was, he seemed to me a more respectable and even amiable member of society than

'The wretch concentrated all in self.'

whose sympathies, oyster-like, never extend beyond the limits of his own shell. The former character excites pity, the latter contempt; for he whose affections are *wholly* those of his own fireside, is unworthy of society, and should have Spitzbergen for his abode. There are few men, however obscure, who have not had opportunities of rendering signal service to some of their fellow-creatures, even at little cost of time or money, provided the service was prompt, prudent, and hearty. Almost every man's life will be found, on a review, to afford proofs more or less striking of that consolatory fact, and the following veritable anecdote, communicated to the writer by a friend, confirms it in no ordinary degree:—

Upon the 4th of April 1823, I was pacing as usual the Glasgow Exchange rooms, when my eyes got a glimpse of some Jamaica gazettes on a side-table, and remembering that piracies were then prevalent in the West Indies, I glanced over them, till I met with a case which arrested my attention. One Henrique Buche had been recently tried in Jamaica for piracy, on the testimony of a person who swore that he was mariner in the ship *Malcolm*, belonging to James Strang and Company, merchants in Leith; that they sailed from that harbour on the 9th of November 1819, and upon the 30th of December following, whilst in the Bay of Honduras, they were boarded by pirates; that these plundered the ship of a great variety of stores, of which the witness specified the weights, quantities, and qualities with a minuteness which seemed to me quite incredible, as he *confessedly* took no notes of them at the time; was a mere fore-castle man; was stationed at the helm all the time; and that *several years* had elapsed since the alleged piracy took place. The witness added, that the pirates departed with their booty, and he did not see any of them till *three years* afterwards, when he pointed out to a police officer the prisoner at the bar as one of them, whilst he was entering the harbour of Kingston in a boat.

The only other witness was the police officer who had seized poor Buche on the allegation of the sailor, so that the latter was the sole witness to the crime charged—a charge which Mr Buche indignantly denied on his trial, stating that, if an extension of time had been allowed him, he could have proved that he was of respectable connexions in the island of Guadaloupe, where he possessed a competency which placed him far beyond the necessity of following the infamous and perilous profession of a pirate; adding that it would be seen from Lloyd's lists that no ship of the name stated by the crown witness had left Leith at the time alleged.

In reply, the prosecutor stated that the prisoner had been already allowed time sufficient to produce evidence of his alleged *status* in Guadaloupe, and that, as to the inference drawn from the silence of Lloyd's lists, it was well known to the jury that these lists, though correct as to the port of London, were far from being so as to distant ports like Leith. He therefore demanded a verdict of guilty: and my surprise was inexpressible when I found that twelve men had consigned a helpless stranger to an ignominious death, on the single unsupported and incredible testimony of an ob-



scure seaman and common informer, of whom no one seemed to know anything, and who probably had been stimulated by the hope of *blood money*, then given freely for such disclosures.

Animated by these feelings and fears, I instantly stepped to the side bar of the Exchange rooms, and soon discovered incontestable evidence that poor Buche had been convicted, condemned, and, I feared, hanged, on the testimony of a perjured man. The Leith shipping lists proved that no vessel of the name stated by the crown witness had left Leith on the day in question, or during the whole of the month. I also found from the directory that there was no company of shipowners, or of any profession, of the firm sworn to in Leith or Edinburgh during the whole of the year in question. These facts I instantly communicated to Lord Bathurst, as minister for the colonies, with a view to the rescue of Buche, if, happily, his execution had not taken place, or, at all events, for the seizure and punishment of his perjured enemy. And great was my delight when, in the course of post, his lordship's chief secretary wrote me thus:—

*Colonial Office, Downing Street, 9th April 1823.*

'Sir—I am directed by Lord Bathurst to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th instant, and to express his thanks for the information which you have so properly conveyed to him respecting Henrique Buche, who had been convicted at Jamaica as concerned with others in acts of piracy.

'It will, I am persuaded, be satisfactory to you to be informed that the governor of Jamaica, in officially reporting the trial and conviction of these unfortunate persons, has stated the circumstances which induced him to grant a *respite* to Henrique Buche, in order that the necessary inquiries might be made to establish the truth of the particulars which he stated in his defences. I have therefore to acquaint you that your letter will be transmitted to the governor, with the other documents which apply to this case. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, (Signed) B. WILMOT.'

'To G—B—, Esq. Glasgow.'

Sixteen years afterwards, in the course of my travels, I visited Jamaica, and was introduced to the gentleman who had been foreman on the *grand jury* in the case of Buche. He remembered it, and frankly owned that he thought the evidence was not sufficient to convict, though it seemed to him *prima facie* enough to entitle the *grand jury* to send the case to a *petty jury*. Perhaps he was not singular in that opinion; but I saw with regret that he still felt a lurking suspicion of Buche. I found also that, such had been the power of prejudice against the innocent and much injured Buche, that, soon after his liberation, he found it necessary to quit Jamaica, and return to his native island; otherwise I should probably have had the pleasure of seeing the man whom, though unknown to me, and distant some thousands of miles, I had aided in saving from an ignominious death, by a very small expenditure of time and trouble.

It now only remains for me to close my friend's anecdote with what seems its proper moral:—*'That each of us should be prompt to help the other, and all of us to help humanity at large; in the spirit of a certain Italian aphorism, which is both poetic and benevolent—*

*'Le mani l'avano l'un l'altra,  
Ed ambidue l'avano la faccia.'*

Which may be rendered thus—

Kindly the hands each other rinse,  
And both unite the face to cleanse.

#### WEARING OF THE SUFFOLK COAST.

A lady of our acquaintance, who has lately visited the coast of Suffolk, writes as follows respecting the rapid wearing away of the cliffs:—

'The rapid disappearance of this coast is its most interesting feature. One reads of it without realising it. When one stands on the site of Dunwich, once a

great city of twenty-five churches, and sees the heaps of ruin, and a little miserable fishing village, and the quiet blue sea washing smoothly over all the rest, it is a very strange feeling which is induced. The common rate of destruction is about twenty or thirty feet a-year, but in some places much more. The inhabitants see field after field, house after house, swept away. At Cromer, as you walk on the sands, looking up, you see the floors and rafters of houses which have been undermined and washed away, sticking in crevices of the cliff, with a most desolate aspect, and good houses standing empty, abandoned to their fate, because the sea has now encroached too near to admit of a further residence being safe. A good deal of this town (Cromer) is gone, and the rest, as well as a noble old church, must inevitably follow ere long. It is curious that people should go on building on a cliff which they see crumbling before their eyes. A gentleman in this neighbourhood has built a house in one of these places, and spent £1,000 in trying to wall out the sea. His defences were soon swept away. He has now repaired them at nearly the same expense. They are like huge fortifications faced with flint. How long they will last is a wonder.'

#### OUT-DOOR TUITION.

'I THINK it of the utmost importance,' says Mrs London, 'to cultivate habits of observation in childhood, as a great deal of the happiness of life depends upon having our attention excited by what passes around us. I remember, when I was a child, reading a tale called "Eyes and No Eyes," which made a deep impression on my mind, and which has been the means of procuring me many sources of enjoyment during my passage through life. That little tale related to two boys, both of whom had been allowed half a day's holiday. The first boy went out to take a walk, and he saw a variety of objects that interested him, and from which he afterwards derived considerable instruction when he talked about them with his tutor. The second, a little later, took the same walk; but when his tutor questioned him as to how he liked it, he said he had thought it very dull, for he had seen nothing; though the same objects were still there that had delighted his companion. I was so much struck with the contrast between the two boys, that I determined to imitate the first; and I have found so much advantage from this determination, that I can earnestly recommend my young readers to follow my example.' To encourage and assist in such habits of observation, Mrs London has published the very pretty little book whose title is quoted below.

There can be no doubt that the knowledge of things derived from observations of the things themselves is not only deeper than that acquired from books, but is more durably impressed on the mind. In the one case knowledge comes in the form of actual experience, in the other it is imbibed by rote. Abstract subjects can of course only be acquired in the study; but whatever can be taught to the young out of doors, should be so imparted. Stores of information can be furnished to them in the shortest walk, for there is something interesting to tell and to know about the most commonplace object.

To show how readily and instructively this may be done, Mrs London repeats in her book the information she imparted to her little girl during a tour in the Isle of Wight in the autumn of 1843. At every step something pleasing was communicated, coming as it did in a less repulsive form than didactic tasks. In the transit from London to Southampton by railway, Mrs Merton (the name assumed by the authoress), in pointing out to her daughter (Agnes) the windings of the river Mole, told her that it 'received its strange name from the manner in which it creeps along, and occasionally appears to bury itself under ground, as its waters are absorbed by the spongy and porous soil through which it flows. Agnes was very anxious to hear more of this curious river. "It is remarkable," said Mrs Merton, "that it is not navigable in any part of its long course of forty-two miles. With regard to the phenomenon of its disappearance at the foot of Box-Hill, near Dorking, in Surrey, it is supposed that there are cavities, or hollow

\* Glimpses of Nature, and Objects of Interest, described during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. By Mrs London. London: Grant and Griffiths. 1845.

places, under ground, which communicate with the bed of the river, and which are filled with water in ordinary seasons, but in times of drought become empty, and absorb the water from the river to re-fill them. When this is the case, the bed of the river becomes dry; and Burford bridge often presents the odd appearance of a bridge over land dry enough to be walked on. The river, however, always rises again about Letherhead, and suffers no further interruption in its course."

Arrived at the Isle of Wight, the little pupil is told that in shape it 'has been compared to that of a turbot, of which the point called the Needles forms the tail. From this point, which is the extreme west, to Foreland Farm, near Bembridge, which is the extreme east, the whole island measures only twenty-four miles in length; and its greatest breadth, which is from Cowes Castle to Rock End, near Black Gang Chine, is only twelve miles. It is therefore extremely creditable to this little island to have made such a noise in the world as it has done; and its celebrity shows that, small as it is, it contains a great many things worth looking at."

At Carisbrook Castle the tourists repaired to the well-house, 'to visit the celebrated donkey. When they first entered, Agnes was a little disappointed to see the donkey, without any bridle or other harness on, standing close to the wall, behind a great wooden wheel. "Oh, mamma," cried she, "I suppose the donkey will not work to-day, as he has no harness on?" "I beg your pardon, miss," said the man; "this poor little fellow does not require to be chained like your London donkeys; he does his work voluntarily. Come, sir," continued he, addressing the donkey, "show the ladies what you can do." The donkey shook his head in a very sagacious manner, as much as to say, "you may depend upon me," and sprang directly into the interior of the wheel, which was broad and hollow, and furnished in the inside with steps, formed of projecting pieces of wood nailed on, the hollow part of the wheel being broad enough to admit of the donkey between its two sets of spokes. The donkey then began walking up the steps of the wheel, in the same manner as the prisoners do on the wheel at the treadmill; and Agnes noticed that he kept looking at them frequently, and then at the well, as he went along. The man had no whip, and said nothing to the donkey while he pursued his course; but as it took some time to wind up the water, the man informed Mrs Merton and her daughter, while they were waiting, that the well was above three hundred feet deep, and that the water could only be drawn up by the exertion of the donkeys that had been kept there; he added, that three of these patient labourers had been known to have laboured at Carisbrook, the first for fifty years, the second for forty, and the last for thirty. The present donkey, he said, was only a novice in the business, as he had not been employed much above thirteen years; and he pointed to some writing inside the door, in which the date was marked down. While they were speaking, the donkey still continued his labour, and looked so anxiously towards the well, that at last Agnes asked what he was looking at. "He is looking for the bucket," said the man; and in fact, as soon as the bucket made its appearance, the donkey stopped, and very deliberately walked out of the wheel to the place where he had been standing when they entered."

Various lessons in natural history were conveyed when suitable objects presented themselves; and the young pupil, though only absent from home six days, received a greater amount of useful information than if she had studied from books during a much longer period. It is in the power of every parent to communicate instruction on the same plan, and we have noticed this little work chiefly for the purpose of recommending the 'out-door' system of instruction.

#### SUPERSTITIONS.

It is singular that superstitious ideas of the same character should be prevalent in different countries—that the same inference and deduction should be drawn from the same false data, and the same sayings become current: it is a subject for the consideration of a physiologist. It is a common remark, as regards some birds, that they bring good luck to the houses on which they build. Swallows and storks belong to this category, and they build, especially the latter, on such houses as seem to offer the greatest security to the nest, from the state in which they are

kept; and because industrious and provident people take care of their houses and property, and generally prosper in their worldly affairs, it is easy to establish a paralogism, and to argue from the effect rather than the cause. The luck is to the nest, not to the house.—*Note-Book of a Naturalist.*

#### TO THE UNSATISFIED.

[BY H. W. OF POTLAND, MAINE.]

Why thus longing, why for ever sighing,  
For the far-off, unattained and dim;  
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,  
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearning it would still;  
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world, through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—  
No fond voices answer to thine own;  
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the world's applause,  
Not by works that give thee world-renown,  
Nor by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,  
When all nature hails the lord of light,  
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,  
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,  
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;  
But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,  
Sighing that they are not thine alone,  
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,  
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the colour of the spirit;  
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;  
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,  
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

—From a newspaper.

#### GUILT.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

#### MODERATION.

Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a ruffle of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.—*Watts.*

#### FUTURE STATE.

We are led to the belief of a future state not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it, by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.—*Adam Smith.*

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 38, Miller Street, Glasgow); and with their permission, by W. S. OAS, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by BRADBURY AND EVANS, Whitefriars, London.